

MISCELLANY.

Johnny Green's Courtship.

Johnny Green's Courtship.  
One evening Johnny went to woo—  
One evening in October,  
Such a lovely girl to him quite new,  
And he fell rather slow.  
So when he reached his chamber's house,  
He sat him in the corner,  
His daily was a heavy burden,  
By no means did he seem here.  
The maiden with her father dwelt—  
The was her father's daughter,  
And as Johnny had a heart of gold,  
All her kind of heart of gold.  
All in her heart she was as true,  
For Johnny was a true man,  
They sat for three hours or more,  
And silence was unbroken.  
Her little heart was not a bit,  
And he felt himself a bit,  
He scratched his head and rubbed his hat,  
And spoke not to his dear.  
The ribbon which adorned her hair,  
He looked at and admired,  
The crown of her hair was fair,  
With her hair he admired.  
The hair and hair, and tried to speak,  
For he was growing bolder,  
But still his courage was too weak—  
"I wish I were never told."  
At length his father fell asleep,  
And John thought he'd be going—  
"I wish I could find them sleep,"  
So ended John's first wooing.

Written Expressly for the New York Sun.

LEOLA;  
OR  
THE MYSTERIOUS RANGER.

A Tale of the Mexican War.

By T. Hamilton Vananda.  
Author of "Alec," "The Miller Parrot," "Wild  
Hermits," "Almond," "Jesse Wharton," etc.

"Caramba!" cried the merchant. But no  
sooner was the donkey dismantled, and the  
soldiers engaged in their rough sport, than he  
sprang upon the beast's back with the agility  
of a youth, and dashed away towards Monterey.

"What does that mean?" cried Charley, who  
was quick of suspicion. "Let us examine  
these papers!"

He seized hold of them, and after a close  
inspection of their formation, he took out his  
pocket-knife, and cutting a slit through the  
inside bottom, he took therefrom a package of  
papers.

"Ha, ha!" he cried, as the rest gathered  
around him, unimpaired any longer of the  
oranges. "Who says nothing but oranges  
grow in Mexico? Tim, I think you've made  
the best catch you ever made in your life."

He proceeded to open the package and in-  
spect its contents. Some of the papers were  
directed to General Santa Anna, one to La Se-  
norita Co, and one to the Senor Eduardo Cas-  
tillias.

"What!" exclaimed Charley. "Has that  
old villain left his old field and gone into regular  
travelling? He's the scoundrel that finished off  
those brave Texans that tried to save that beau-  
tiful Senora. I know one of them—her lover,  
Travis—and I've always sworn that if I ever  
met with this scoundrel, I'd revenge Travis'  
death. I don't know that old 'Rough and  
Ready' has any business with any of these dis-  
patches, save those for Santa Anna. Say, boys,  
if you'll sing me now, I'll read the rest to you."

"Sing the word!" cried the men, who were  
anxious to hear the dispatches.

Charley proceeded very leisurely to break  
open the one addressed to the Bandit Chief, and  
glanced over it in silence. He then uttered a  
low whistle, indicative of surprise.

"Well, if ever I heard of such a villainy  
in the whole course of my life!" he exclaimed.  
"What do you think of this, and he proceeded to  
read as follows:

"Senor Eduardo,  
"I have been to your castle and had a long in-  
terview with the Senora Leola. She seems, how-  
ever, to gain fresh hope of a rescue, as the in-  
terview advanced. I think it would be advisable  
to remove her to some secure place, and to dis-  
guise her appearance, so that she may not be  
recognized. I will have her removed to the quiet-  
est place in the city, and will have her dressed  
in the plainest of her gowns. She will be in the  
city as soon as the signal is given."

"Then Travis is not dead," said Tom Clayton,  
as soon as the exclamations of revolt and horror  
had been uttered by the men.

"No, and it strikes me that, by upstating that  
pamper I have saved his life. For if the General  
carries out his plan of attack, those of us who  
survive will be in Monterey less than a week,  
and we'll take mighty good care to release our  
comrades from their captivity."

"What is in the other letter, Charley?" asked  
Tim.

"Oh, this is to Senora Co. A love-letter, I  
suppose, though, if I mistake not, I have heard  
her mentioned as a secret spy of both church and  
State. You remember what grand ruses she used  
to give to Matamoros?"

"Yes, let us hear the letter. That will prob-  
ably explain."

"Senora!" began Charley—  
"My efforts to get at the property have, as  
yet, proved fruitless. I have been to the Senora  
Leola, and endeavored to induce her to leave  
her refuge to go to the convent, but she seems to  
have her repugnance to her captor. Such is the  
fickleness of woman. You probably know that  
Eduardo is in the city, where I hope you will find  
him. Beware how far your jealousy, or imagin-  
ing of wrong should drive you, or the cause of the  
church be upon you. Eduardo will yet do you  
justice. If your woman's will could play some  
game to put Leola's lover out of the world, you  
would do me a great favor. He is in the prison  
of San Sebastian. You will soon see."

"The Gray Monk."  
"The devil she will!" ejaculated Langford.  
"Most probably before she is let out. I have heard  
her mentioned as a secret spy of both church and  
State. You remember what grand ruses she used  
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severe, and many a poor American felt its stern  
regime, prior to the capture of Monterey.

The prisoners are usually confined in close  
cells during the day and night, with the excep-  
tion of an hour in the morning, and one at even-  
ing, when they are permitted to walk in couples  
on small balconies, which overlook the inner  
courts.

It was the evening following the one which  
closed the last chapter, when a tall, rough-look-  
ing man, with prominent features, grey eyes, a  
long, coarse beard, and dressed in a dilapidated  
hunter's garb, from which the fringe had been  
torn, walked out of his cell upon the west side  
of the building, and leaning over the railing,  
looked moodily down upon the court, where sev-  
eral soldiers in the Mexican uniform were loung-  
ing and gossiping in their own language.

The cell from which he had emerged, was im-  
mediately over the gate-way, or entrance,  
and the gallery extended round it to a grated  
window, which looked out upon a large square  
of the town. After looking down upon the  
court for some moments, he turned away with  
an air of disgust, at the specimen of soldiery  
there exhibited, and strolled carelessly round  
the gallery, he looked through the grated win-  
dow out upon the large square, where a regiment  
of soldiers were drilling.

He had not been there long, when looking  
down among the files that lined the square, he  
discovered a young man, apparently eighteen or  
twenty, and a Mexican, who was looking very  
hard up at his gate, and no sooner caught his  
glance, than he made him a sign.

"Wonder what that 'ere 'e can mean?" said  
the man, who was none other than our old friend,  
Kit Galen.

The young man gradually withdrew himself  
from the throng, and strode nearer the pris-  
on.

"I seems to me, I have said that 'ere face a-  
fore," mused Kit, "though I may be mis-  
taken, I reckon. He evidently wants to hold a  
confab with his humble neighbor, for he draws  
this way. Wal, I ain't particular, for I ain't  
talked to anybody for nigh on to about three  
months, only the Lieutenant, an' he's got so dis-  
pleased now, that he won't talk any more."

"Hill!" said the youth, who had now drawn  
close under the building, and with his gaze ap-  
parently fixed on the soldiers, spoke in a low  
tone.

"What is it, youngster?" asked Kit, imitating  
his cautious tone.

"I'll down on your gallery, and listen," said  
the youth.

"There we are," replied Kit, stretching him-  
self upon the gallery, and applying his ear to the  
ceiling.

"Is the young American officer alive yet?"  
asked the low voice, though he could no longer  
see its owner.

"Yes," whispered the ranger.

"And well?"

"Tell him that the army to which you belong,  
will attack the city to-morrow."

"Told!"

"Tell him, if they conquer, and he is set free,  
that the Senora Leola is a prisoner in the Hack-  
aday at Cuatimoc, situated in the *Expediente*, *Pase*,  
fifteen miles west of the city. There will be one  
at the southern gate who will show him the way,  
at the next night after his liberation."

"Thank 'ee!" said Kit, with a swelling heart  
and chuckling voice. "Who are you that takes  
such an interest in us?"

"That need not be known, but it is one who  
serves the Senora Leola," said the mysterious  
youth.

"But I'd rather know your name, case yer  
might be foolish, you know," persisted Kit.

The young man stepped out from the wall,  
glanced cautiously around, and then lifting her  
clothing fitting cap from her head, said:

"Look!"

Kit peered through the grate, and his eyes di-  
lated with surprise. The straight black hair of  
the youth was parted in the centre, and tucked  
up evenly around. He at once recognized the  
face, as soon as the cap was lifted.

"You are—"

"Marianne—the letter bearer! Adios, Senor!"  
and quickly placing her cap on her head, the dis-  
guised hand-maid vanished in the crowd.

"Wal, that sort takes the life out of Kit Galen's  
limbs, I reckon," exclaimed the ranger, spring-  
ing to his feet. "I declare to gracious, that  
some one in these quarters anyhow! But, say,  
the girl, and the Senora Leola, don't belong to  
thee, they're got by some mistake, some revela-  
tion of nature. By hooky! if I ever get out of  
this war with a whole skin, I'll marry that ar-  
gal, but I must go in and tell Jules the  
news."

Entering the low, dingy cell, he saw Travis pale  
and emaciated, sitting upon a large block of stone,  
his brow knit, and his gaze fixed upon the floor.  
It was a wretchedly filthy place, and had worked a  
powerful change upon that noble, manly form.  
His eyes were sunken, and his cheeks, which  
had been so ruddy when he was a soldier, were  
now a ghastly white.

"What's the matter now?" he said, almost  
fiercely, as looking up suddenly on Kit's abrupt  
entrance, he saw the gleam of pleasure in his  
face.

"I've news," said Kit.

"News? from whom? Leola?" he cried,  
springing to his feet, and clutching his comrade  
by the arm with the gripe of a vice.

"That's all that's good; yer needn't gripe it any  
tighter, thanks," said Kit, wincing. "I'm so  
weak from starvation, like yerself, yer see, that  
I wouldn't care 'bout fightin' a Catamount now,  
or even a Karamazov."

"For heaven's sake! tell me what you have  
heard!" cried Travis, hoarsely, as he slowly re-  
laxed his hold.

To be Continued.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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